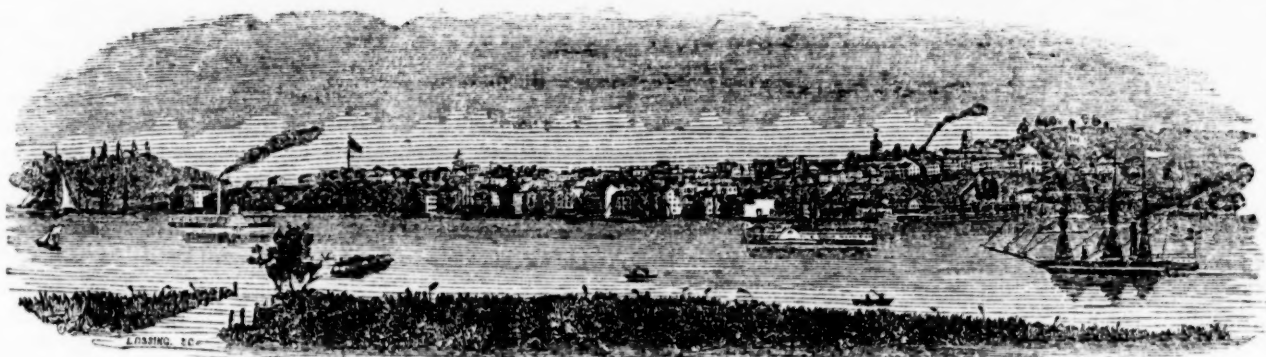


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TALES.

From the Olive Branch.

THE TWO SUITORS: OR, THE TEST OF AFFECTION.

BY MISS H. E. MAXIM.

[Concluded.]

FLORIANNA remained with her uncle nearly two years. Contrary to her expectations, his health continued without any perceptible change, for nearly a year. During the second, he began to fail, but his decline was so gradual as to be nearly invisible. Florianna attended him with all the tenderness of a child, and left no effort untried to mitigate his sufferings, during his long and painful confinement to his couch. The second year of her absence had not drawn to its close, before his earthly sufferings were terminated, and he was placed by the side of his wife. After the burial rites were over, with feelings of mingled pain and pleasure, Florianna prepared to return to her eastern home. She had of course been informed of the method her mother had taken in testing the affections of Ashford. Between herself and Gertrude a frequent correspondence had been established, and she had thus been afforded the opportunity of learning the effect which her supposed death had produced on Ashford. She felt her heart relieved of an oppressive burden when informed of the cool indifference he manifested, and she felt a joy to which she had long been a stranger, when she received the announcement of his approaching marriage with a young lady whom he had met at the South.

As, in returning home by the usual route, she would be necessitated to pass through the place of her cousin's residence, she intended spending a few weeks with her, before proceeding to her paternal home. As her sudden re-appearance in society would occasion much surprise among those who formerly knew her, and, perhaps, involve her cousin in a disagreeable dilemma, she resolved to disguise herself partially, and assuming another name, pass herself off as a relative of Mrs. De Launcy's from the West. It was not probable that many who had seen her nearly three years before, would distinctly recollect her looks; and altered as she was,

there could be no possible danger of having her identity discovered, and even if a resemblance was detected, it would be considered merely accidental. In person, she was much taller, and the appearance of aerial lightness which to a striking degree, had formerly characterized her form, was lost in perfect fulness of its outlines, and the womanly dignity of her carriage. The natural buoyancy of her spirits had been subdued by sorrow, and her deportment was distinguished by an air of thoughtful gravity which strikingly contrasted with her former volatility. Her beauty had assumed a more pensive cast; the quick, vivacious sparkle of the eye and the bright smile which was wont to play over her lips, were usurped by a quiet, pensive expression, not, indeed, less beautiful to a refined mind, but less seductive to the casual observer. To complete the disguise which this alteration had afforded her, she intended to wear a head-dress, which, by adjusting, so as to mar, in part, the peculiar beauty of her forehead, and by being of a different color from her own, would essentially change her appearance.

She was received with warmth by her cousin who could scarcely be persuaded it was indeed the same being, whom she had seen three years before.

Florianna had not been at her cousin's long before she had an opportunity of seeing her quondam admirer, to whom she was now presented as Miss Helen St. Clair. She was also presented to Mrs. Ashford, with whom she soon contracted an intimate acquaintance. Mrs. Ashford was a dashing brunette, with a few claims to beauty, save what consisted in a pair of dark, radiant eyes, and the frank, good humored smile which invariably animated her countenance, warm-hearted and generous, though occasionally somewhat giddy, in short the very counterpart of her husband, to whom she was evidently fondly attached.

"My dear cousin, I have some agreeable intelligence to unfold to you," said Gertrude one morning as she entered Florianna's apartment with an open letter in her hand. "You have probably heard me allude to Mr. Wilson, my deceased husband's step-father. Well, in this letter he announces his intention of visiting me shortly, and of bringing with him a young clergyman of whose

talents he speaks in terms of the warmest commendation. But the agreeable part of the intelligence I have yet to tell you. If I mistake not, this young clergyman is an old friend of yours."

"An old friend of mine!" repeated Florianna in astonishment. "Pray, what is his name?"

"His name is Arthur Leroy."

Florianna started up and gazed incredulously at her cousin.

"Arthur Leroy, did you say?" asked she with inconceivable eagerness. A deadly paleness overspread her face, and she would have fallen to the floor, had not Gertrude sprung forward and prevented her.

She revived shortly, and without affording Gertrude space to answer her previous question, eagerly caught her arm and asked,

"Is he coming here? Tell me, are you sure it is Arthur?"

"If I had never previously heard of 'Arthur,' I should be puzzled to understand you, my dear cousin. But there can be no doubt that he is the veritable one in your mind's eye, since my informant gives a succinct account of his previous history, which agrees perfectly with that of your old friend. Moreover, he says Mr. Leroy is vastly indebted to the kindness of my excellent uncle, Squire Weston; so his identity is unequivocal."

Florianna felt a tumult of contending emotions agitating her bosom. Was it possible she should behold the playmate of her early years again? All resentment, if, indeed it could be termed resentment, at his former neglect, was forgotten in the joy which this idea inspired. She felt her heart dilate with joy as she recalled the encomium which had been bestowed on him by his friend. When Florianna laid her head upon her pillow that night, her bosom throbbed with new and indescribable emotions.

Florianna waited impatiently for the day which should bring Arthur and his friend to her cousin's.

She at first resolved to discover herself to Arthur as soon as a favorable opportunity should be presented; but on reflection she decided to remain in her present disguise for a while, and future circumstances would determine her future course of action. Her motive in deciding thus was to discover the true state of Arthur's feelings towards herself.

Whether to reveal herself or not after this discovery, would depend entirely on its nature.

Florianna had not prepared herself for any change in Arthur, and she could scarcely credit the evidence of her own optics, when on the arrival of the anticipated hour, she beheld the alterations which three years had effected in her former companion. Instead of the slender and diminutive form of the youth, her eyes were saluted with a fine, tall personage, whose elegantly rounded proportions conveyed the idea of perfect health and muscular vigor, and whose dignified and lofty bearing would at once impress the observer that he was a being of superior order. A rich color glowed on his cheeks, and his complexion had lost the sickly pallor which is incident to ill-health. But the dark, hazel eye, the high expansive forehead overshadowed by the rich black hair, the fine mouth with the lips slightly compressed when silent, an old, unforgetten habit, these were not to be mistaken. The same look of melancholy sadness, habitual to his youth, was still visible on his manly features.

Florianna was presented to him by her cousin, as Miss St. Clair, and though nearly sinking beneath her emotions, she managed to control herself sufficiently to go through the introduction with composure. Leroy, though evidently struck with her beauty, manifested no token of recognition; and Florianna was rejoiced at the circumstance.

Time sped away, quickly indeed, to our heroine in the companionship of one to whom her heart's affections had long been so entirely devoted. As Mr. Wilson was old and feeble, Mrs. De Launey deemed it incumbent upon herself to devote her time principally to him, and thus the pleasurable task of entertaining the young clergyman devolved almost entirely upon Florianna. Leroy, was frequently subject to fits of mental abstraction, from which at times it was almost impossible to arouse him. It was obvious to Florianna that there was some deep-seated sorrow preying upon his heart, for she often saw his lip quiver and his eye fill with tears at such periods.

One morning, Arthur seemed unusually sad and abstracted. He was pacing the floor with an unsteady tread, his hand was pressed tightly over his brow and an expression of extreme pain was visible in his face. Florianna longed, yet dared not question him relative to the subject of his sorrow; but she could not forbear a look of sympathetic inquiry to his face. Leroy accidentally caught the look and advanced towards her.

"Perhaps, Miss St. Clair," said he in a dejected tone, "perhaps you wonder at my melancholy, but I was ruminating on a painful subject—the loneliness of my destiny."

The sadness of his voice struck Florianna so forcibly that she was unable to reply, and he continued after a short pause.

"The hollow-hearted friendship of the world cannot fill the void in a heart which has no object on which its affections may rest—whose fondest earthly hopes have been crushed and disappointed."

"You speak sadly, Mr. Leroy," said Florianna wiping away the involuntary tear from her cheek. "Does your last remark have reference to any recent misfortune?"

Leroy did not reply immediately, but drew a small miniature from his bosom, and extended it to Florianna.

"Look at this, Miss St. Clair, and judge if the

original of it, whose mind was ever fairer than the external semblance, was not deserving of my warmest affection—if in the death of so lovely a being, I should not feel that earth had lost its brightest attraction."

Florianna grasped the miniature with an eagerness which she could not conceal, and one glance sufficed to show her that it was the same she had given Arthur three years before. A tumult of various conflicting emotions agitated her, but she saw the necessity of self control and struggled to subdue her feelings as much as possible. She bent over the picture and pretended to examine it very closely; but was in reality deciding what course she should pursue.

"May I ask if any connection existed between yourself and the original of this?" questioned she, as she returned the picture to his hand—"also the young lady's name?"

"No connection existed between us. We regarded each other as brother and sister, and it was not until her death, which occurred two years ago, that I discovered my affection was not of a fraternal nature. Her name was Florianna Weston, the daughter of Squire Weston to whom you have probably heard me allude."

"Was not the young lady a relative of Mrs. De Launey's?"

"The same?"

"So I presumed, having heard her frequently allude to her. Pardon my importunity, Mr. Leroy; but were you with Miss Weston at the period of her death?"

"I saw her not for nearly a year previous to the sad event."

"Did she leave no message for you, to be conveyed by her friends?"

"I received none!" replied Arthur in a choked voice.

"And no account, either of her sickness or her decease?"

"I did not. I merely saw the announcement of her death in a public journal."

"Did it never occur to you it might have been another young lady whose death you saw announced? Otherwise, it seems her friends would have written you."

Leroy started to his feet. "Another!" exclaimed he in astonishment. "No, no! that could not have been. The name was a peculiar one, and I know of no person's bearing it in her native town. Besides the age of the person deceased agreed perfectly with that of my poor, beloved Florianna!"

"It may have been her cousin," suggested the inquisitor whose cheeks burned with excitement.

"If I err not, my cousin informed me, the Squire had a brother residing in the west, who died recently and who lost an only daughter on a visit to his eastern friends some two years ago. This daughter bore the appellation of Florianna, and there was but a slight dissimilarity between the ages of the two cousins."

"Gracious Heaven!" faltered Arthur in increasing astonishment. "I knew not this before! But tell me," he continued seizing her hand with an energy that gave pain, "tell me, I entreat you, does she live? May I again behold her after these long, long years of misery?"

"If you mean the daughter of Squire Weston, I can assure you she lives," replied Florianna, averting her face to conceal her agitation.

Leroy passed his hand heavily over his brow.—

"Am I waking or dreaming? Pardon me, Miss St. Clair," he said in a trembling voice, "I dare not fully credit your assertion, till I have further proofs of her existence."

"Far be it from me, Mr. Leroy, to raise hopes which I should be unable to confirm, and thus inflict the tortures of suspense upon you. I am perfectly acquainted with the events which led to the mistake which has caused you so much misery, and can, I trust, adduce such proofs as will effectually remove your doubts. During a visit of the young lady in question to my cousin's, she became acquainted with a gentleman of estimable qualities, who once rescued her from a horrible death by fire. He soon after made an offer of his hand which was accepted, though she had never really loved him. After her return to her parents, she became more averse than ever to the connection, but saw no mode of dismissing him with honor, except that in the circumstance of testing his affection he should prove false. During the following summer, a brother of her father's from the west came to visit them bringing with him his daughter, who died shortly after their arrival. Florianna accompanied her uncle on his return, and her parents in order to test the attachment of her lover, suffered it to be supposed it was their daughter who died. The gentleman did not prove very faithful to her memory, for he married in a year after her supposed demise. This uncle of her's expired recently, and she is now on her return to her father's."

Leroy listened to the narrative with dilated eyes and suspended breath. When she had concluded, he folded his hands together and a fervent, heartfelt "thank God," fell from his lips. Florianna was scarcely less agitated than her auditor, who, had he watched her countenance as intently as he listened to her words, might have suspected her of equivocation.

Leroy did not break silence for several moments; but the convulsive heavings of his bosom and the changing color of his cheek betokened strong emotion within.

Florianna retired shortly after, fearful lest she should betray herself into improprieties by her inability to repress feelings, which as Miss St. Clair, it was necessary to conceal. Her cup of joy was now full. Leroy loved her; but his affection was not an evanescent gleam—a meteor to flash with insufferable refulgence, for a moment, and then disappear in the darkness. It was—it would be a bright, fixed star in her firmament whose lustre would never dim when the shadows of age begin to creep on earthly things. His was a kindred spirit—one whose chords were attuned in unison with her's, and had never vibrated to the touch of another's fingers.

In the evening to her surprise, Arthur announced his intention of departing on the second day but one from the morrow, to visit his early home.—The morrow was the day Florianna had specified for the renewal of her homeward journey; but so engrossed had her attention been since the arrival of Leroy and his friend that she had nearly forgotten it. To favor the project she had in view, it was expedient to make no delay, and she signified her intention to her cousin, who when acquainted with her design, readily though reluctantly consented.

Your attention a little longer, dear reader, and then we will bid you adieu—an announcement you

are unquestionably glad to hear me opine. As our story opened on the eventful day of a separation between its two principal characters, we must needs close with their meeting, after having followed their fortunes through the long and tedious interim. It is a bright summer day in Greendale, bright, of course, for whoever knew it to be a dull day when two long parted lovers meet and sunshine weather would be typical of their future lives?

Florianna is sitting by an open window which commands a beautiful view of an extensive range of magnificent scenery without. The long, raven curls veil her sweet brow no longer; her once soft, chestnut hair arranged in the peculiar style of former years, floats in natural curls over her neck and shoulders, leaving fully exposed the quiet though commanding beauty of her high, classic forehead. The book has fallen from her hand, and her fair brow is peering from the window, a bright smile on her lips, which, however, cannot chase the cloud of anxiety from her brow. Her eye is turned in the direction of the deserted cottage, which once contained the object to which her thoughts were now roving, and which she so little dreams is near her at the very moment.

"Florianna!" breathed a familiar voice near her, in a low, but agitated tone. She turned and saw Arthur Leroy. His arms were extended towards her, but ere she had fallen into his embrace they dropped powerless by his side.

"Miss St. Clair!" exclaimed he in a tone of dismay. The blood receded from his cheeks, and he sank almost breathless into a chair.

Florianna sprang to his side, and placed her hand upon his arm.

"Only the long black curls and low forehead are wanting, Arthur. Look on me. Do you not recognize your old playmate?"

Leroy surveyed her in blank amazement.

"Forgive me, Arthur," resumed she, sinking on her knees and raising her eyes pleadingly to his—"forgive me for this deception. But I see you do not understand me. Can you not comprehend that Miss St. Clair and your once giddy little Florianna are one and the same?" Have I so changed that you can trace no resemblance in me to my former self?"

Arthur clasped her convulsively in his arms.

"Thank heaven, dear Florianna, I recognize you now," exclaimed he, pressing his lips to her's in a transport of joy. "I understand all; but, indeed, it is hard to realize this vast change in you."

"I am changed in person, but not in heart, Arthur. That is the same thing of impulse that warmed my bosom in earlier years."

"And may it ever be," rejoined Arthur with warmth, "while in obeying those impulses you make yourself as then the beloved of every heart. Yet why, my dear Florianna, did you not discover yourself to me before? And what was your motive in adopting concealment?"

"My motive, Arthur was to avoid being the subject of such a sensation, as my reappearance, when believed to be dead, would excite among my quondam friends. In remaining undiscovered to you, I acted from the innocent though eccentric wish to see if you had totally forgotten your mischievous little pet."

"And what induced you to harbor so unjust an opinion?"

"To what could I attribute your delinquency in

reciprocating my correspondence, Arthur, if not to forgetfulness?"

"I received no letters from you, Florianna," said Leroy in astonishment; "though heaven knows with what longing anxiety, for their arrival I watched, till disappointment succeeding disappointment convinced me how vain it was to hope."

"And this then is the occasion of your imperturbable silence. Yet why so scrupulous, Arthur, even had I proved delinquent in reality?"

"I had a thousand absurd fears that you had become vain and proud, and regarded the humble student with contempt, and with vindictive pride I resolved you should not know how much pain your neglect had cost me. But let this be buried in oblivion, Florianna. Now that the cloud of mystery is dispersed, we will turn to more pleasing topics. You are aware that my love for you is not merely of a fraternal nature. Have I misinterpreted your feelings, Florianna, in supposing the sentiment is mutual?"

Need we record the response that followed, when an affirmative might be read in the dark, soft eyes uplifted to the passion-lit orbs that never had beamed with such earnestness on another, in the changing color of the cheek and the tremor of the tiny hand that Arthur had taken an unresisting prisoner?—Suffice it to say, that not long after, Greendale was the scene of a brilliant festival; and that subsequently, when Florianna beheld her husband appointed the spiritual teacher of an extensive congregation, and listened to the strains of heart reaching eloquence that fell from his lip, "where sleeping thunders seem to lie," and in after years, saw the laurels of a well-earned and wide-spread fame encircling his brow, she never regretted having proved the shallowness of another's affection, and the depth and permanency of his own.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

ON THE COMMON OCCURRENCES OF LIFE.

LIFE is not very long to any of us, and the part we have to perform upon this earthly stage is in general but short. Yet how few go through it with such success as at their exit, to deserve the plaudits of the spiritual spectators that are said to surround us! When we cast an eye upon the succession of events that compose this little life of ours, it looks like a confused chaos of actions, huddled together without order, or moral fitness, by the petulance of passion or the volatility of whim. It is this that renders the study of man more difficult than all others. In vain would you endeavor to reduce to fixed and certain principles, the theory of a being who wanders farther and farther at every step into the illusions of folly or the obliquities of vice; who confounds all opinions together, and distinguishing neither time nor circumstances, runs through an extemporary kind of life, and is determined in his conduct more by instinct than by reason.

To hear us continually complaining of the inconsistency of fortune, of the severity of fate, and the crosses of life, it would seem as if there were a sort of combination formed against us in nature; that some undefined powers inimical to the happiness of man, were striving forever to destroy it, and that it were a vain attempt to struggle against such various and such stubborn foes. Under shelter of these vague and unintelligible terms, and by declaim-

ing against these empty phantoms, we discharge ourselves, or at least are as satisfied as if we were discharged from all blame and reproach, and throwing the misfortunes and inconsistencies of life, to the account of some external and inevitable principle, we induce others as far as we are able to do the same, while in truth they are almost always our own handy work, and the consequence of our own imprudence.

Placed in a world so subject to perpetual revolutions as we allow this to be, we pretend ignorance in the manner of making them conduce to our happiness; and this, because we will not take the pains to compose a connected system of manner, to adopt the rules of prudence, and to settle our principles of actions.

Claverack, 1847.

G. H. A.

For the Rural Repository.

POETRY.

BY THE PRIVATE SCHOLAR.

AMONG the large mass of versified matter that emanates from our numerous bards, there is now and then a simple, unaffected poem found that finds its way to the heart. This it does whether it fill it or not—for our feelings find in it a response—a kindred response, that awakens the natural, holy affections of our nature. Such poems come from the genuine poet only; they breathe his most secret, his most affectionate heart-thoughts, and seem to be fragments of his soul. Among the fashionable poetry of the day, they appear like modest lilies among a wilderness of artificial flowers. Poetry, that is poetry, comes naked from the warm heart of the poet. It will always again find lodgment in the heart. It seeks not for fame, yet it wants to be beloved, and that by the good and wise. The reason why there is so much lifeless rhyme—rhyme because it jingles, is because the head must do it all, while the heart remains closed. "Give me yourself," said the sage to the bard, when he asked him for a subject. Our feelings must be infused into our writings.

The reader will not fail to agree with me that the following stanzas do not belie their character as it respects poetry. Their origin will be recognised by the lover of true poetry. They are an extract from a poem by I. A. Swan, published in that ever-welcome messenger of good the Knickerbocker.

"She lay as in a dreamy rest,
Her hands neck-folded on her breast;
Her lips which knew no word of guile,
Half parted with a beaming smile;
I could not make her dead.

"A pale rose gemmed her raven hair,
As if it loved to blossom there;
Those silken locks that without check
Twined with the lilies of her neck;
I could not think her dead.

"The birds sang sweetly in their play,
Beneath the casement where she lay;
And then I knew she only dreamed,
For everything so life-like seemed;
I could not make her dead.

"Like two twin flowers upon one stem
We grew, and loved, and bloomed like them;
'Twas not in nature then, that one
Should fade, the other still live on;
How could my love be dead?

"They told me of a cold dark grave,
And sighing leaves that o'er it wave;
That the mottled worm would be the guest
Of her I loved the dearest, best;
I dared not think her dead.

"But when I prest her sweet lips twin,
And felt no kiss pressed back again;
And in her eye no tear could see,
When mine were flowing mournfully,
I knew her spirit fled."

For the Rural Repository.

THE LATE FAMINE.

THERE is nothing in Nature, which seems so much hidden from the observation of man, as the means taken by the Almighty to ensure the true objects of political government.

War, famine and pestilence are but various instruments in the hands of Providence, to reclaim punish or renovate society. These evils, if we may so term them, stand in the same relation to the political world, that the storm and the earthquake do to the natural world. Their object is the same and as sure of success, no matter, whether they are said to be by Special Dispensation or to result as an invariable sequence from a disturbance of the harmony of Nature.

In the countries bordering on the equator, the resistless hurricane often sweeps everything before it, trees are uprooted and hurled to the ground; houses are demolished and the work of ages is in a few minutes laid waste. Yet it subserves a useful purpose in the economy of Nature and the stronger and more violent are its effects, the greater was the necessity of its action, to restore the equilibrium of the elements.

In taking a retrospective view of the political history of the world we find numerous instances, in which, by mismanagement and corruption a social miasma has been engendered, that has infected all classes of society. But as the violent heat of the tropical sun brings the hurricane to purify the air, so from the causes which led to the corruption of society, was created, a power, which by its potent influence led to the eradication of innumerable evils. The intolerance and oppression of the Romish Church, led to the events of the Reformation. The tyranny and corruption of the court, caused the French Revolution. Both were attended by human suffering and distress and both have been favorable to human progress; and I think we may assume, that suffering whether moral or physical is always followed by favorable results to the ultimate progress of man.

All political law as well as moral, should have the same object in view, the true interests of man; the one is applied collectively, the other individually but they should none the less be founded on the true principles of human happiness. When the mental progress of man render it necessary that pre-existing laws should be modified to suit the existing state of society, and the "powers that be" neglect such modification, they lose sight of the true interests of the society which they govern and prepare the way for their own overthrow. The true principles of government like the laws of Nature admit of no compromise; and when the application of those principles are prevented, there is instituted a remedial power which removes the obstructive causes and frees those principles from restraint. In such a case the economy of Nature's laws becomes apparent; hidden causes are cited to action, and by some unexpected and dire calamity, the legislative power is compelled to reform the system of government.

A vast and important revolution has been men-
acing Europe for many years—a revolution of popular opinion—a revolution of political doctrines. The people and philosophers of Europe are becoming convinced that the present system of government is founded on the evil principles of man's nature, opposed to the mental freedom of the subject and is totally inadequate to the progress of human reform.

This revulsion of opinion has been slowly but surely gaining strength and has long needed the utmost vigilance of politicians and statesmen, to repress it and prevent its open sanction by the people. The effects of the famine will still more favor these views, it will strike at the root of political thralldom and by its silent but irresistible influence, will lay it prostrate with the earth. Although thousands now mourn, there will then be rejoicing throughout all nations and the present calamity will be only so far remembered, as one link in that glorious chain, which will bind mankind into an universal brotherhood.

Germany has been for many years progressing towards that state which existed in France privy to the Revolution. Liberal principles have been avowed from one end of that vast country to the other; literary philosophy and atheism have been promulgated throughout the land, and it has needed the presence of that grim revolutionist, *famine*, to complete the picture and forward the great purposes of Liberty and Reform. And the famine has come. Riots have already begun in various parts of Germany. The politic King of Prussia has seen fit to promise the people an amelioration of the government—an increased freedom of the subject. So far it has been *but* promised and the people may yet shake off the yoke of despotism. The Eagle spirit of Liberty is soaring through the world and the waving of his pinions will fan the spark of freedom into a rising flame which will sweep over Europe and regenerate the soul-debasing governments of that continent.

When we look at Europe and the present state of her resources we have cause to wonder at the strange turns we sometimes see in human events. The whole of western Europe has suffered from a sweeping calamity; and where are they to look for relief? Russia and the United States of America. The one the cradle and birth-place of national and political freedom; the other the abode of tyranny and despotism in its worst forms.

A view from the dim vistas of futurity seems to be placed before the people of western Europe. There is a plurality of resources offered them and on the choice of the people may depend their future political fate; either to embrace the freedom of America or succumb the despotism of Russia. Circumstances have ordained that these two countries shall be the largest and most powerful on the globe.*

Russia occupies more of the earth's surface than any other civilized nation, its population increases faster than any other country in Europe; it has abundant resources for the prosecution of Agriculture and like the the United States has within it the embryo of unlimited greatness.

In the United States the interests of the people project the spirit of progress and reform while in Russia it is forced on them with the iron hand of the despot. The annexation of Cracow may be but an episode in the aggressive history of Russia, for at the same time that the people of Europe are protesting against it they hold out their hands for relief. If the scarcity long continues it will be difficult to tell the results of this, for a great part of Europe will be dependent on Russia, unless they receive assistance from the United States.

The governments of Europe while still contending

* Alexis de Torqueville has given us a prophecy of this in his able work on Democracy in America. At the conclusion of the first volume he says, "The principle instrument of America is freedom, of Russia, servitude. Their starting point is different and their courses are not the same, yet each of them seem to be marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

and scheming to perpetuate national slavery, have received a blow which will show them the futility of attempting to stay the waves of political freedom. They have long thought the people were unable to legislate, provide, or even *think* for themselves. Statesmen and ministers in the height of their pride fondly imagine themselves able to impose duties on food, regulate its distribution and fix its price without incurring the penalty of their presumption. They thought themselves able to foresee the future, to guard against their own defeat and disgrace, but a visitation which neither the wise or politic could foresee has turned their counsels to nought. Such is the effect of man's wisdom when opposed to the true spirit of nature's laws. But a "change has come over the spirit of their dream" and they must succumb to the slow, but inevitable influence of popular opinion. They blindly and rashly groped their way through the intricacies of political life, endangering themselves and all around them, but the film has been torn from their eyes and they now behold themselves in their true position—on the edge of a fearful precipice.

In future the people of Europe will be unwilling to subject themselves to the government of such men who betray them to their worst enemy, the famine, merely for political objects. For there is nothing, which renders a people so disaffected towards a government as lack of food, and therefore for *political* expediency alone, all minor objects should be merged into this one—national subsistence. Legislatures must know this, it has been placed before their eyes several times and in a very distasteful manner. The French Revolution, the Jacquerie, the Chartist rebellion, and various other popular outbreaks in Europe have been preceded and partly caused by want of food. And even at the present time riots are prevalent over England, France, and Germany.

Philosophers and moralists in future will be induced to investigate and generalise the true principles of government whereby the recurrence of such a sad visitation will be prevented. Legislators will be induced to look beyond the pale of that society, which their own prejudices and prepossessions endear to them; their view will become more enlarged and they will see that no nation or people are independent of another. Thus among the advantages to be derived from the influence of the famine will be the breaking down of national and sectarian prejudices. The exercise and increased strength of the moral principles, and the reciprocal interchange of friendly offices will then result and be the means of enlisting the noblest feelings of man in the cause of humanity.

The influences which have been at work in Europe will silently and surely if not suddenly bring about a change in the political governments of some of the most enlightened of the European nation. The restriction on free trade which have been relaxed for the present relief of the people will set a precedent which political economists and reformers will be apt to make use of, to effect a total abolition of the restrictive policy of those nations.

In a country where the people depend on their own resources alone, food is scarce in the same proportion, that the non-productive consumers exceed the producers. Consequently in times of scarcity the producers must increase or the number of the consumers diminish. (The number of producers is unlikely to increase, as the quantity of

tillable land in a thickly settled community is limited as well as the productive capacities of that land, while the number of the consumers is unlimited.) There must then be some extraneous means to reduce the number of the people and create an equilibrium between food and its consumers, as a late writer on Population has conclusively shown that in times of scarcity the population is found to increase rather than diminish. Thus while population is always increasing the productive power of the earth comparatively speaking is stationary, as in a thickly settled country, the quantity of tillable land cannot be increased without inconvenience. It therefore follows that a necessary element in society is some reducing cause which will check the increase of the population. This is done in many ways, and the evil itself brings about the means of its eradication. When a people increase faster than the products of the soil, there is a deficiency; the people become factious and discontented and unless the government divert the minds of the people by some foreign war a civil feud springs up in their midst. In earlier times when there was a deficiency of food, their sovereign leads the people against some wealthier neighbor and after the campaign they returned laden with plunder.

When nations became more civilised this system was abolished, but other causes entered into action which subserved the same purposes and preserved the balance between the consumers and the articles of consumption. As nations increased in strength wars were conducted on a larger scale, the instruments of war became more improved, and where before, the husbandman and peasant took the field under their feudal lord for the sake of plunder, civilized nations make a trade and profession of arms and vie with each other in a war of extermination. Thus the bloody wars of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century served to repress the increase of the population; but since then the population has been rapidly increasing under the auspices of peace and the production of food has not increased in all countries in the same proportion.

In peaceable nations other causes are in action to answer the same ends. In Hindostan and China infanticide is practised and made a religious duty. In the latter country there are also civil wars and party feuds which destroy thousands.*

When we look at the broad bosom of the earth teeming with the gifts of nature we see ample proofs of the intentions of a beneficent Creator.

The ample plains and luxurious forests of the New World laying waste for the want of tenants, causes us to revert to the first great command ever given to man. "Be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth." Mankind have always been averse to the latter part of this command, and we therefore find, that from the time this command was given, objects of dissension arose in communities and assisted to effect the commands of the Creator by the dispersion of man. The confusion of tongues, the strife between the herdsmen of Lot and Abraham and the numerous expeditions, predatory excursions and wars which have since followed have been instruments to effect the same purpose.

* As a proof that when population exceeds the supply that it will find its level, we quote the following scene in China. "A feud took place a short time since between two neighboring departments in which 24,515 houses and 688 huts were pillaged and burnt to the ground and 130,632 persons were killed and wounded."

The authorities never interfere, although such occurrences are common, for they say that the empire is too thickly settled.

But as the prevalence of war is decreasing, a new element is entering into action to enforce this object. It is now that the famine has sprung up and enforced on the thickly settled nations of Europe the necessity of seeking sustenance in the untenanted portions of the globe. As war diminishes we may also suppose that famines will increase and become more frequent.

It is now that the eyes of Europe are fixed on the resources of America—it is now that the industrious classes of Europe are seeking a home in the New World. Thousands are thronging our shores from all nations—the tide of emigration has set towards our land, and multitudes are flocking from all parts of Europe to find a field for productive labor in the fertile prairies of the west.

Let the world once abolish the odious laws of exportation and importation and the nations of the world will be as one family, provinces of one great empire separated by seas and rivers but united by all that would ennoble man. Laws concerning food like laws concerning religion injure where they were meant to protect. They both affect the vital interests of man, the one in this world, while the other extends beyond the grave. As experience has proved the placing restrictions on religion as improper, so it has with food; but both have been unheeded by what are called the civilised nations of Europe, and it has required the sad sufferings of experience to enforce the sad and practical lesson on their mind.

There is no political sin more glaring than the placing restrictions on the produce of a fertile country and thus cause its hills and plains to be uncultivated, while the human race are craving for bread. It is a sin ever sure to bring condign punishment on its aiders and abettors, for it is a sin committed against the whole human family.

We know that Providence intended commerce among nations to exist by the fact that very few raw articles are produced in the same countries.—Thus the Southern States are fitted for the cultivation of Cotton, China for tea, Ceylon for cinnamon, Saxony for wool Russia and Sweden for Iron.—England is well fitted for commerce and manufactures, while America is well fitted for agriculture and commerce. In England but one third of the productive population are engaged in agriculture and its attendant branches, while in the United States, three fourths of the said population are engaged in that business. In this country there is also an increasing desire to engage in agricultural pursuits. Under a republican form of government, where any citizen at a small expense can possess a portion of the soil, farming holds out to an industrious person, the most independent means of life, the greatest inducement to individual exertion and the surest returns for labor.

As there is but little likelihood of the potato becoming the staple article of food that it has been, and within reach of the poor of Europe there is nothing to supply its place, in all probability there will be a demand on the United States for a future supply. And there is every prospect that America will be able to meet that demand for a greater quantity of land has been put in cultivation this year than ever has been before.

In common tillage corn increase five-fold in the course of a year, while potatoes increase ten-fold in the same space of time. The potato to produce a given quantity of food scarcely requires the tenth part of the ground which corn would occupy.

Taking these facts into consideration we may be assured that the people of Europe will not be able to supply the place of the potato, for many years to come. But still if the farmers build anticipations of having high prices they may be disappointed, large crops have been sown in Europe and as the latest advices were flourishing, this combined with the increased economy where scarcity exists, the extension emigration, and the extraordinary crops sown in this country will tend very much to reduce the prices, and next year we may expect repletion rather than scarcity in the corn market.

It is calculated that in Ireland alone 4,000,000 subsisted on the potato, which was altogether a home production and depended on none of the extraneous aids of commerce for supply. Each individual rented a small portion of land from the produce of which he had to pay his rent and base his subsistence for the following year. The potato crops was in a great measure cut off and where it was not, circumstances rendered it of no avail to the cultivator, who left it and hired out on the Public Works.

The situation of Ireland presents one of those sad scenes we sometimes see in history, all expressions of sorrow are choked—we cannot give their utterance, for all condolence seems in vain and only mocks the misery we would relieve. Of all the scenes with which history abounds, even when heightened by fiction, there are few can compare with the present wretchedness of Ireland. Thousands aye hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions have fell before the withering effects of hunger and pestilence. Not only have the poor been sufferers but also the small farmers and landlords, their crops being destroyed and no means of purchasing seed or paying for the future cultivation of the land.—And as the land is taxed to relieve this calamity it but increases the burden on the small farmer.—The famine has also spread in society and crept towards those who were comparatively well off; those who have heretofore depended on their small stores are forced to seek a supply in the market.—But still there seems a prospect of release for Ireland—the political emancipation of the people—a people whose influences and actions seem to have been an enigma in the political government of man.—The Irish as a nation, consisting of eight millions of individuals have been long noted in the annals of history for their love of freedom and unconquerable bravery, while as a people they are generous sanguine and warm-hearted. But with all their generous impulses, all their zeal and warm-heartedness, by misgovernment and neglect their physical condition has been rendered one of the most wretched and desolate of all civilized nations.

But still we look for a brighter page in the political history of Ireland. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." The transient affliction we so much mourn may be the means of bringing the permanent blessings of liberty and the social regeneration of the people.—What years of political agitation could not accomplish for Ireland, backed by the influence and eloquence of her orators may be slowly but surely affected by this means. Many individuals formerly opposed to repeal, judging from the supineness and want of energy manifested by the government at the commencement of the late famine, had changed their principles and think that Ireland would be far better dependant on her own resources.

It shows conclusively that the purposes necessary

for the good of man and the true interests of society, no matter though many should strive to prevent their influence will ultimately succeed. The greatest minds—the most comprehensive intellects may be employed to oppose, but still the object and ends of those purposes will be accomplished—and by means which are beyond the power of the wisest legislators to prevent.

These conclusions are also applicable to the United States; for depressed with difficulties, riches and power waged against her, she surmounted all difficulties and achieved her present position in the eyes of the world.

When we take into view the immense natural resources of the United States who can doubt but she will supply Europe and eventually become the market of the world. The United States already extend over a territory larger than one half of Europe and it would puzzle us, especially at the present moment to foretell what will be the future extent. The climate may be said to excel the climate of Europe, for the surface of the country is less diversified and more capable of successful cultivation.

Having the supply of Europe, America will undoubtedly do her own carrying trade, not only from choice but because no nations in the world could compete with her. No nation possesses deeper, vaster or more secure harbors for shipping than America. The country also produces various articles which have become necessary to the happiness and we may say at present to the existence of Europe and there is no country, who possess better means of importing these articles.

The fertile valley of the Mississippi watered by mighty rivers, the Atlantic slope intersected with rivers, canals and railroads, the fertile prairies of the west and the many other blessings showered on our land, all seem to distinguish it as the dwelling place of a great nation. All that America needs, is a large production population, to develop her vast resources. The wealth of a country is always proportioned to the amount of productive labor, and not to the proportion of gold and silver it contains. For example, we may compare Mexico, Italy or Spain whose wealth consists in gold and silver to England or the United States whose wealth consisting in productive labor. Thus the production population of a country is the instrument, as labor is the test of all wealth. The population of Russia which increases more rapidly than any country in Europe and the only future rival America has to fear, only augments in ten years, at about ten per cent. While in some of the western states in the same period of time, the population has augmented at the rate of eight hundred per cent.

The famine is one of those inscrutable links in the chain of causation which seems to connect the affairs of man with the will of a superintending Providence. It is one of those finger posts by which past ages will trace the progress of man, and will be remembered when the present generation have long slept beneath the clods of the valley.

When the western wilds are teeming with inhabitants and the boundless prairies are tinted with the yellow grain waving in the autumn breeze, the aged settler as his family are collected around him and the glowing landscapes lay before their eyes, will revert to the famine as one of the means which peopled the forests and plains of the west with the thrifty and industrious inhabitants of the Old World.

When prosperity blooms on our land—when this vast continent from east to west resounds with the din of labor—when our harbors and ports are crowded with fleets of merchantmen who lay at our feet the merchandize of the world, the contemplative historian will register in Europe the famine of 1846 and 1847, among the causes of our progress and that which pointed to the capitalist, the numberless advantages and never failing resources of the Land of Liberty.

J. D. C.

Hudson, N. Y. 1847.

BIOGRAPHY.



DAVID GARRICK.

DAVID GARRICK, an illustrious English actor, born at Hereford, 20th February, 1716. He was educated at Lichfield school, but was more attached to theatrical pursuits than learning, so that he acted with his fellow pupils the play of "the Recruiting Officer," and supported himself the character of sergeant Kite. He went afterwards to reside with his uncle, a wine merchant at Lisbon, but soon returned to Lichfield school, and after being six months the pupil and companion of Dr. Johnson, he accompanied him to London in 1735. The powers with which nature had endowed him were fostered and improved by the conversation and company of the most popular actors, but Garrick still diffident, flew from a London audience to Ipswich, where in 1741 he performed the part of Aboan in Oroonoko, under the assumed name of Lyddal. His efforts were received with repeated and increasing applause, and thus flushed with provincial approbation, he came to Goodman's fields, and acted Richard III. October 19, 1741.—So superior were his abilities, and so powerful their display, that the other theatres were now left empty, and the house in Goodman's fields was daily crowded with all the beauty, the fashion, and the taste of the town. This success was viewed with envy by his rival heroes Quin and Cibber. By the influence of sir John Barnard, an act of parliament was obtained to shut up the theatre of Goodman's fields, so that Garrick, thus obliged to abandon a situation where he divided the profits with Giffard the manager, made an engagement with Fleetwood the patentee of Drury-lane for £500 a year. Thus popular in England, Garrick passed to Dublin in the summer of 1742, and so prodigious were the numbers which assembled to view this theatrical phenomenon, that in consequence of the crowded houses and the intense heat of the weather, a contagious disorder fatally broke out in the town, which was called Garrick's fever. In 1747, he became joint patentee of Drury-lane with Lacy. In 1763, he went to Paris and Italy. While on the continent, Garrick was liberally condescending in exhibiting various characters, not only in the presence of the duke of Parma, but before his friends. He returned to London in April, 1765, but so fearful

was he of the public opinion, that with a timidity unworthy of his great character, he always endeavored to prevent censure, and on this occasion he caused, by means of a friend, to be published "The Sick Monkey," a poem in which, by drawing the censures of animals on himself and his travels, he attempted to blunt the edge of ridicule. In 1769, he projected and conducted the jubilee at Stratford, in honor of Shakspeare, which though admired on one side and ridiculed on the other, should be mentioned with commendation as the homage of a great man, to an immortal genius. By the death of Lacy in 1773, the whole management devolved on him, and now the fatigues of his situation were so great, and his infirmities were increasing so rapidly, that in June 1776, he left the stage, and disposed of his moiety to Sheridan, Linley, and Ford, for £35,000. He died 20th Jan. 1779. Besides the display of his astonishing powers on the stage, Garrick merited the public approbation as a writer.—The Biographia Dramatica mentions not less than 38 of his plays, some of which were original, and some translations, besides a great number of prologues, epilogues, songs and elegies.

MISCELLANY.

NO MAN CAN BE GOOD TO ALL.

I NEVER yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest and afforded him love; nor ever any so good, but some have thought him evil and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some; and few, again, are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal; either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgment; and in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the bodies' humours; or, perhaps, not and of these. The soul is often led by secret motions; and loves, she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamentary acts of the two Houses, reasons, and the common sense; as if there were some hidden beauty, of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see; and this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes condemn. I have come to the same man that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, and another time hath left me unsaluted at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection; and have found this, not an intended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how.—*Felltham.*

DESTRUCTION OF ROBESPIERRE.

THE celebrated Jean Lambert Tallien had formed a tender friendship with the beautiful Madame Cabarus, so celebrated in revolutionary history; but at that period in question, mutual jealousy had interrupted their attachment. She was thrown into a dungeon by order of Robespierre; and when it was conceived she had been sufficiently terrified by imprisonment, and the prospect of the guillotine,

she was offered life and liberty if she would betray the councils of Tallien, and enable his enemies to ruin him. Although her lover had been faithless and had deserted her, she refused the offer with indignation; and, with great difficulty, had the following letter conveyed to him:

"The Minister of Police has announced to me, that to-morrow I am to appear at the tribunal, that is to say, I am to ascend the scaffold. I dreamt last night that Robespierre was no more, and that my prison doors were opened. A brave man might have realized my dream; but, thanks to your notorious cowardice, no one remains who is capable of its accomplishment."

Tallien answered merely, "Be prudent as I shall prove brave; and, above all, be tranquil."

The next day he hurried to the tribunal, and, regardless of danger, accused the miscreant Robespierre in his own presence. The eloquence of Tallien had always been commanding and impressive; but on this occasion it was compared to the impetuous flowing of a river, whose course had been prematurely stopped. He portrayed the vices of Robespierre and his companions; the cruelty and the other excesses of their government, which had deprived France of her most illustrious citizens. Then, taking a dagger from his bosom, he rushed towards the statue of Brutus, his own immortal prototype, and swore, that he himself would stab the tyrant to the heart, if his countrymen did not deliver themselves from their disgraceful bondage. His language, his action, and his animated eye, were irresistible; for they recalled the Roman hero to the minds of all the auditors. Robespierre was astounded, and attempted to defend himself. The moment was critical; the life of Tallien hung upon a thread; but his eloquence prevailed, and the tribunal regained its lost character. The tyrant was sent to the scaffold; Madame Cabarus and other intended victims were saved, and the reign of terror was abolished.

SNUFF.

Dirt thrust up the nostrils with a pig-like snort, as a sternutatory, which is not to be sneezed at.—The moment he has thus defeated his own object, the snuffing snuff-taker becomes the slave of a habit, which literally brings his nose to the grindstone; his Ormskirk has seized him as St. Dunstan did the devil, and if the red hot pincers could occasionally start up, from the midst of the rappee, few persons would regret their embracing the proboscis of the offender. Lord Stanhope has very exactly calculated that in forty years, two entire years of of the snuff-taker's life will be devoted to tickling his nose, and two more to the agreeable processes of blowing and wiping it, with other incidental circumstances. Well would it be if we bestowed half the time in making ourselves agreeable, that we waste in rendering ourselves offensive to our friends. Society takes its revenge by deciding, that no man would thrust dirt into his head, if he had got anything else in it.

PRESS.

The steam engine of moral power, which, directed by the spirit of the age, will eventually crush imposture, superstition, and tyranny. The liberty of the press is the true measure of all other liberty, for all freedom without this must be merely nominal. To stifle the nascent thought, is a moral in-

fanticide, a treason against human nature. What can a man call his own, if his thought does not belong to him? King Hezekias is the first recorded enemy to the liberty of the press; he suppressed a book which treated of the virtues of plants, for fear it should be abused, and engender maladies; a shrewd and notable reason, well worthy of a modern Attorney-general.

SERVANTS.

SERVANTS—liveried deputies, upon whose tag-rag-and-bobtail shoulders we were our own pride and ostentation; household sinecurists, who invariably do the less, the less they have to do; domestic drones, who are often the plagues, and not seldom the masters, of their masters. Many who have now become too grand for grand liveries, and will not shoulder the shoulder-knot, are only to be distinguished from those whom they serve by their better looks and figures, and more magisterial air. Let no man expect to be well attended in a large establishment; where there are many waiters, the master is generally the longest waiter. A Grand Prior of France, once abusing Palapret for beating his lackey, he replied in a rage, "Zooks, Sir, he deserves; I have but this one, and yet I am every bit as badly served as you who have twenty."

RETALIATORY.

In company, an English lady half jocularly, of course, attributed a very polite readiness for wine to the daughters of Erin. "I believe that in Ireland," she observed, "it is quite customary for a lady, if she only catches the eye of a gentleman earnestly directed to her at dinner table, to say 'Port if you please.' Promptitude is the order of the day." "Yes," replied the Irish lady, not over-pleased with the insinuation, and determined to pay it with interest; "And the promptitude takes another direction in your country," "How do you mean?"—"Why, when an English lady finds a gentleman's eye upon her at the table, I understand she averts her countenance, and blushing, says in her gentlest tone, 'You must ask papa.'"

A LEGAL JOKE.

"WELL, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer who had been admitted about a year, "how do you like your new profession?"

The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion:

"My profession is much better than my practice!"

Poor feller! I've seen preachers in my time that was afflicted in the same way.

CORRUPTION.

ONE corruption subdued is a victory infinitely more desirable, and more truly honorable, than a triumph gained amidst the confused noise of ten thousand warriors, and as many garments rolled in blood; for "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." Remember, my friends, that to be a child of God is far more honorable than to be descended from kings; and that a Christian is a much higher character than a hero: and let this consideration influence all that you undertake, all that you do.

Good.—An exchange paper says: "A friend informs us that he could send us a marriage notice but as the young gentleman does not take the paper, he does not consider editors under any obligation to publish his marriage." That's to the point, but the mystery of it is, how any young lady in this age, could afford to marry a fellow who takes no paper.

TRUTH.

O how lovely, how majestic is simple truth! it seeks no retirement, stands in need of no defence, is ever consistent with itself, ever inspires with courage him who practises it. Falsehood strips the mind of its conscious dignity, keeps a man perpetually in fear, puts invention continually on the rack to prevent the means of detection.

"Good morning Mr. J— where have you kept yourself this long time?" "Kept myself! I don't keep myself—I board on credit!"

DEATH, at whatever season, in whatever form, and from whatever quarter it comes, is always unspeakably great gain to a good man.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1847.

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, for August is before us; it has passed into the hands of Ormsby & Hackett, published at 116 Fulton-st. New-York. Its pages are well filled with choice articles from the pens of the most popular writers of the day. The Columbian commenced its eighth volume with the July number—a good time to subscribe.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

L. E. H. Chaplin, Ct. \$1.00; E. R. New York City, (for Vol. 24.) \$1.00; Miss F. D. Springfield, Vt. \$1.00; W. G. New-York City, \$1.00; L. E. H. Chaplin, Ct. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

At Pine Plains, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Joseph B. Breed, Gen. William Tanner of Ancram, to Miss Elizabeth Davis, of Pine Plains.

In Germantown, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. J. Boyd, Mr. David Smith, of Hudson, to Miss Maria Barringer, of Germantown.

In Claverack, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, Mr. Henry P. Signor, of Hudson to Miss Elizabeth Jane Poucher, of Claverack.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 28th ult. Bethia Clark, in her 48th year. On the 30th ult. Jacob Best, in his 78th year.

On the 30th ult. Rufus Perkins, in his 73d year.

On the 2d inst. Sidney Bostwick, only son of Henry B. Van Deusen, in the 12th year of his age.

On the 10th ult. John, son of Elisha and Laura Mores, aged 6 months and 10 days.

On the 22d ult. Frances R. son of Robert T. and Rachel F. Bunker, aged 1 year and 4 months.

On the 22d ult. Robert Ida, son of Jacob and Marcella Dungan, aged 6 years, 2 months and 1 day.

On the 26th ult. Charles, son of Walter and Emmeline Rogers, aged 6 months and 5 days.

In Greenport, on the 18th ult. Mr. Daniel H. Martin, aged 34 years.

In Greenport, on the 18th ult. Matthew Algar, in his 59th year.

At Spencertown, on the 23d ult. Lewis G. son of John and Lucinda D. Olmsted, aged 6 months and 5 days.

At Mobile, on the 17th ult. Mr. John Betts, formerly of this city, in his 36th year.

Tribute to the memory of Christianna Davison, who died July 14th, 1847, aged 4 years, 11 months and 13 days.

Thou art gone to the grave, sweet bud of affection,
No more shall we gaze on thy unfringed brow;
But though thou art gone, there's a soothing reflection
To those that hast left in sadness and gloom,
To besprinkle with tears of undying remembrance
The cold damp mound that encloses thy tomb:
For thy pure spirit, free from the ills that beset us,
As we journey along through this dark vale of weeps,
Now ransoms with delight in that bright world of glory,
Increasing in rapture with infinite years,
Thou sweet bud of promise! though nipped in the morning
Ere five rolling years had encircled thy day,
Thou hast been plucked to bloom in a soil more congenial
In the bosom of Him who hath called thee away. R. J.

Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

ONCE upon a summer's evening, near I stood beside a maid,
Looked we down upon the river, that was flowing on in shade;
Near a hundred feet below us, did it slowly course along,
Wooing all the rocky jutlands, with its simple water song.

Eddying round a block of granite, rippling on the pebbly shore,
Then into some narrow cavern, falling with a sullen roar;
While the light from one star beaming, was upon the waters
shed,
Where it glimmered in its beauty, like a waving golden thread.

And afar off in the distance, looming up unto our sight,
Stood the mountains dark and gloomy, like the warders of the
night,
There they stood like mighty giants, guardians of the sun's
repose,
Keeping back the mist and vapor, that from off the waters
rose.

But I looked not on the beauty nor the glory of the night,
For my thoughts were winging onward, with the clouds in
fair flight,
And my soul was whispering softly, in a quiet tone and low,
Love-born-words unto the maiden, words that from my heart
did flow.

While her voice swept o'er my senses, like the breathings of
the wind,
Like the holy music rising, from a pure and gentle mind;
Thus we wandered on together till the air grew damp and
chill,
As the mist from off the river, slowly wreathed about the hill.

Then within the maiden's dwelling, there I lingered by her
side,
Gazing on her beauteous features, as sun-smiles did o'er them
glide.
And her eyes so full and lustrous, mirrors of her joyous mind,
Beamed upon me in their beauty, bearing glances warm and
kind.

All that night my soul was dreaming, dreaming of the maiden
fair,
Who she was I will not tell thee, thou canst guess if thou dost
care;
But the morning brought its shadows, and my dreams grew
faint and pale,
As the stars the daylight wooing, fade away like flowers frail.
July, 1847. BARRY GRAY.

For the Rural Repository.

Translation of the third Ode of Anacreon

"TO HIS DOVE."

O! DOVE so splendid
To mine eye,
Whither, whither,
Dost thou fly?

Whence, moving swiftly
On the air,
Hast thou now come?
What is thy care?

The fragrant odors,
You distil,
With sweet perfumes,
The air they fill.

"Anacreon sent me;
I am his;
I seek his son,
A king he is.

"Venus sold me,
Her favorite dove,
Having received
A hymn of love.

"And now, while flying
Through the air,
Anacreon's letters,
Do I bear.

"Although I'm told,
I'll soon be free,
A slave, to him,
I'll ever be.

Why should I fly,
O'er hill and plain;
And ne'er my master
See again?

"The wild food eat
In distant lands,
While now, I'm nourished
By his hands;

"And having quaffed
His wine, retire
To rest myself
Upon his lyre."

Schenectady, 1847.

SAMUEL.

For the Rural Repository.

Leaves from an Unpublished Poem.

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

Number Three.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

WHERE Alleghany lifts his head
High o'er the shaded river's bed,
And stands, in majesty replete,
The bending skies and clouds to greet,
And gives but a defiant frown,
When tempests in their wrath come down,
And tear from off her high broad brow,
The long coarse locks that o'er it low;
Fenced in with towering hills and trees—
Shielded from sun and highland breeze,
And fiercer onsets of the storm—
A low old cottage shows its form.

No mark of footsteps on the sod
Denotes that human foot hath trod
The rough and mossy threshold o'er,
And passed the dark and mouldering door.
No signs of life are seen within,
To tell that man hath ever been
A dweller in those dingy walls,
Where fearful thought the spirit thralls—
Save in confusion here and there,
A bottomless and broken chair;
A table rude, with knife and plate,
And half burnt wood within the grate,
Spiders have stretched from wall to wall
Their fine spun threads, and on the hearth
Huge crickets, wild and musical,
Make known their joy in shouts of mirth;
While down among the lowest stones,
The spotted serpent empire owns.

Without, the grass grows rank and high,
When summer warms the earth and sky,
And gentle flowrets shed their leaves
Beneath the brown and pendant eaves.
Yet mowers come not to invade,
The solemn stillness of the glade,
And the rich earth receives again
The harvest it sent forth for men.

And children never wander there
To breathe the fragrance of the air,
And carry pleasant flowers away,
To make their homes more glad and gay.
These bloom and drink the gentle dew,
Then sink unplucked from human view.

Sherman, N. Y. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MISS B—ON HER PRESENTING ME WITH A BOQUET.

THESE flowers the gift of thy fair hand,
Unlike my love for thee,
Will fade and all their charms depart,
And scentless, withered be.
Far sweeter is one smile of thine,
Than loveliest opening flower,

And dear the music of thy voice,
Thrilling the heart with magic power,
For thou hast linked love's rosy chain,
And wove the magic spell,
That binds the heart in gyves of love,
To thee sweet Isabel.
Fain would I breathe my constant thought,
Of tenderness for thee,
That beats responsive to the notes,
Of Love's sweet minstrelsy;
A wish that each succeeding year,
More bright and joyous be,
And life's fair chalice ever brim,
With happiness for thee.

E. H. H.

Flint, Mich. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

FAREWELL, farewell to thee, home of my childhood,
Thus sighed a young maiden with tears in her eyes,
I love thy green meadows, thy rocks and thy wildwood,
But ah! I must leave thee, dear home then good bye.

Around thee I've wandered in childhood's bright morning,
And o'er thy green hills I have roamed with delight,
With wild mountain flowers my brown locks adorning,
Or launched tiny barks on the streamlet so bright.

Oh! shall I e'er find aught on earth so enchanting,
Though gay halls of pleasure my dwelling should be,
And shall I e'er think of thy scenes so entrancing,
Oh! home of my youth, shall I not think of thee.

Yes, when far away I will never forget thee,
Though broad spreading lands and dark lakes intervene,
But in some dark recess of my heart I will set thee,
Now home of my childhood, farewell to thy scenes,
Farewell, Farewell, Farewell.

Austerlitz, 1847.

H. C. C.

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